

the clown by JakeyFryMason011

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson

Relationships: Dustin Henderson/Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-23

Updated: 2018-08-23

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:28:58

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 745

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Dustin Henderson's inner monologue, and his thoughts on being single. Takes place in a universe perhaps not as far fetched as one might think. (WARNING: A sad twist to such an outwardly happy character, suicide contemplation, misery)

Happy ending because Jakey needed one so I don't cry myself to bed, so don't worry.

the clown

Author's Note:

in the spotlight, their laughter outshines even that
in the darkness, they cry

(I have no idea what the fuck is wrong with me)
Includes my OC, Emma Enos.

It's so...quiet.

I think I can hear my own heartbeat.

It's funny how you never quite know silence until you're knee deep in it.

And also alone.

Son of a bitch.

I hope they're having fun. They all said they were just going out with their girlfriends.

Or did they only say that so they'd have a reason to get rid of you?

That wouldn't surprise me. Maybe they won't admit it, but I know they think I'm the annoying one.

God, Henderson. No wonder I don't have a girlfriend. That's why I'm always passed over. Maybe if I stopped being such a fucking loser I'd be able to actually find someone who likes me.

Why would someone even like me anyway?

That's the real question, isn't it?

Every time I'm passed over, I think "well, she wasn't the right girl."

But now I think it might be me.

Jesus, I need to see somebody about this. Can I even afford

somebody? Answer: nope. It's called being fucking broke. Why would anyone even want to date someone with no money? Answer: they wouldn't.

I'm a nice guy...or I try to be. What am I doing wrong? So girls not like nice guys? That can't be it--Will got Jennifer, right?

Shit.

But back to the first question: why would someone even like me anyway?

What qualities do I even have that others don't?

Why should I even try? Why would I burden someone else with me?

I mean yeah, I like a girl. But there's no way in hell she feels the same. I wonder who she likes? Alex? Probably Alex.

God fucking damn it...

Jesus, am I crying? Get a fucking grip, Henderson. See, this is why girls hate you. You're so pathetic.

Is that a knife?

It would be so easy...

...I'd just have to slip this across my wrist...

...or my neck...

Nobody would miss me...

No. No, I can't do that. Jesus Christ, what the hell am I doing--*JESUS!*

Oh. It's just the phone. I guess I oughta pick it up.

"Hello?"

Why is my voice shaking so much? Pull it together, Henderson.

"Dustin?"

"Oh, hey Steve." That's better. Much closer to normal.

"Hey, are you all right? You sound sort of upset."

Shit.

"What? No, everything's...everything's cool."

"Okay." Damn it, he doesn't sound convinced. "Well, if you ever need anything, you can always call or come down to the station."

"Sure, Steve."

"All right. See you around, you little shit head."

"I'm about to be in college, Steve. You really can't call me that anymore."

Well, that went alright, I guess.

God, I wonder what the others are doing. Probably all together in the arcade or something.

Probably making fun of me behind my back.

I wonder if Emma is there with them. She probably is--she's practically a member now.

God, she probably hates me too.

She sure is pretty...I wonder if she dyed her hair a different color.

Her hands are so soft...

What am I doing? Why am I even thinking about her? Am I seriously trying to just depress myself even more--

...what if she doesn't like me back?

What would I do?

Jesus. Maybe jump off the quarry.

At least then I wouldn't be so upset all the time.

It's the phone again.

"Yeah, what?"

"You sure don't sound happy to see me."

Holy shit. Holy SHIT. It's Emma.

"Sorry. Just...busy."

"How busy?"

That was a weird question.

"Uh, not much I guess."

"Well, neither am I...and I was wondering if you'd want to, you know, hang out later tonight?"

Wait.

Stop the tape.

Is she asking me out?

"Are you asking me out?"

Jesus! Why the hell would you say that out loud?

"Maybe."

Why does she sound...coy?

"Well...um...what do you have in mind?"

Wow, my hands are really shaking.

"I dunno. I figured, if you felt like it, you could come down to my house and we could watch movies and...other stuff."

"What sort of 'other stuff'?"

"Well, my parents aren't home, and it would just be us..."

Whoa.

WHOA.

This girl...wow. Am I dreaming?

"Well...okay. "

"Really? Awesome! Come around four, okay?" She sounds ...genuinely happy. Who would have thought?

"Yeah. Yeah, I will."

"See you, Dustin."

"Okay. Yeah! Totally."

A laugh and a click.

Whoa.

Did Emma just ask me out? Holy shit...

Maybe it won't be so bad.